



SPECIAL **CRISIS** CROSS-OVER

BY ROY THOMAS,
MIKE CLARK &
ARVELL JONES

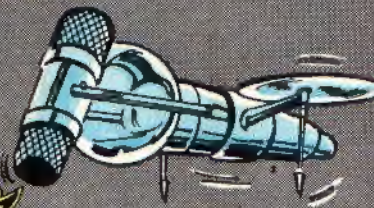
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NOV. 85



NOW IT BEGINS!
THE SEARCH for
THE **JUSTICE SOCIETY**
OF AMERICA

ALL-STAR SQUADRON

TEN-HUT! THE
FIRST MEETING
OF THE
**MONSTER
SOCIETY
OF EVIL**
WILL NOW COME
TO ORDER!



1942—a world at war! And against the forces of Axis darkness, the mightiest heroes of Earth-Two have banded together, under direct orders of the President, as the

ALL-STAR SQUADRON™

IN SPRING, THEY SAY, A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF WHAT HIS LADY FRIEND'S BEEN THINKING OF ALL WINTER, ANYWAY.

AND HERE IN THE CITY OF CLIFFLAND, JUST ACROSS THE RIVER FROM BUSTLING MANHATTAN, A PAIR OF NEW JERSEYITES--20-YEAR-OLD SEAMAN FIRST CLASS LENNY BROWN AND HIS GIRL VELMA--ARE NO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER.

EXCEPT THAT THEY ARE, IF ANYTHING, EVEN UNLUCKIER.

I TELL YA, VEL, THE NAVY'S GONNA BE IN YOKOHAMA BY INDEPENDENCE DAY! I GOT IT STRAIGHT FROM OUR EXEC, WHO HEARD IT FROM--

HEY, WHAT'SAMATTER, BABY? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? THIS STUFF IS CLASSIFIED! I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE TELLIN' YA TH--

OH, LENNY, YOU KNOW ALL I WANT IS FOR THIS WAR TO BE OVER, SO YOU CAN COME BACK TO ME AND WE CAN GET MARRIED.

"No one minds a war once in a while if it doesn't last too long and isn't in your own neighborhood."
--Bertrand Russell.

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YEAH? SO WHY DON'T WE SKIP ALL THAT MIDDLE STUFF, AND GET MARRIED BEFORE I SHIP OUT?

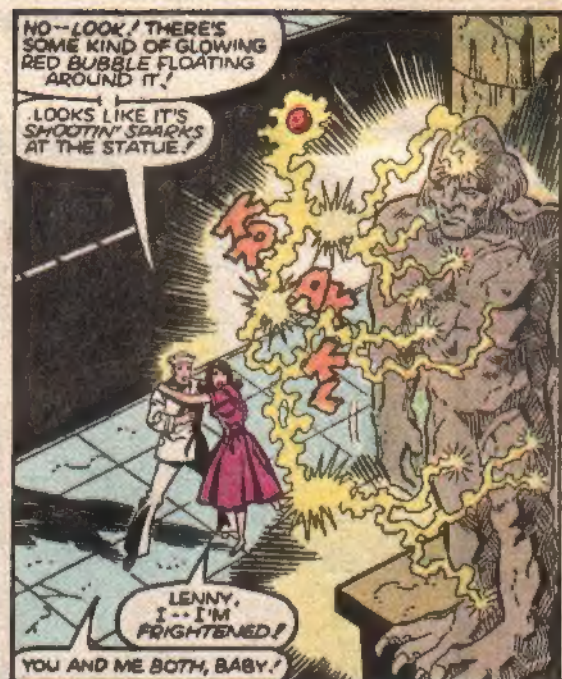
YES, LENNY...
OH, YES!

IT'S SETTLED, THEN... WE'LL--



HUH? WHAT'N THE SAM HILL'S THAT??

IT'S THAT UGLY STONE STATUE--UP THERE ON THE CENTRAL BUILDING!



NO--LOOK! THERE'S SOME KIND OF GLOWING RED BUBBLE FLOATING AROUND IT!

LOOKS LIKE IT'S SHOOTIN' SPARKS AT THE STATUE!

LENNY, I--I'M FRIGHTENED!

YOU AND ME BOTH, BABY!



NOW WHAT?! SOMETHIN'S JUMPING FROM THE BUBBLE INTO THE STATUE-- SOMETHIN' ALMOST HUMAN-SHAPED, BUT IT CAN'T--



OH, MY GOD! IT'S MOVING! THE STATUE'S MOVING!

HEE HEE



AND IT'S LAUGHING-- LIKE A DEVIL OUT OF HELL!

HEE HEE

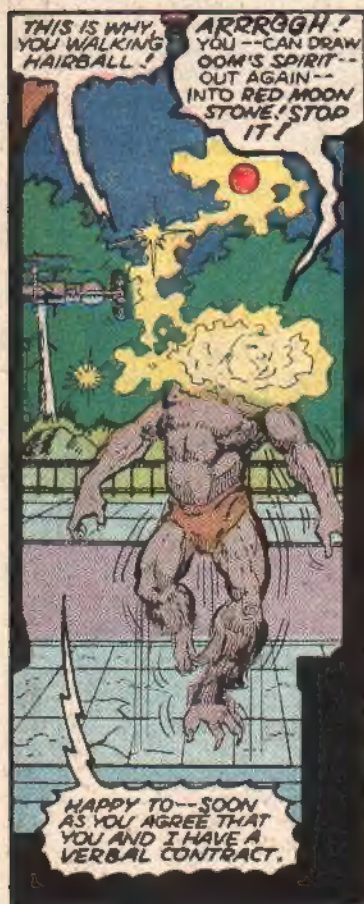
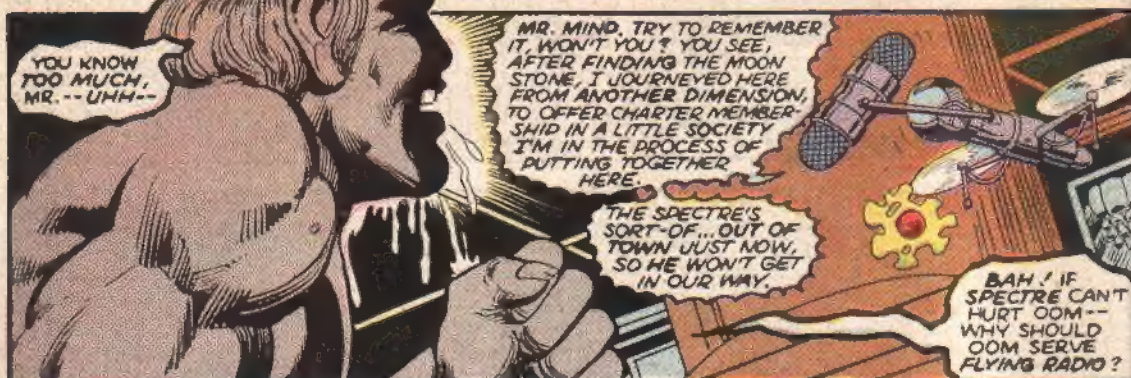
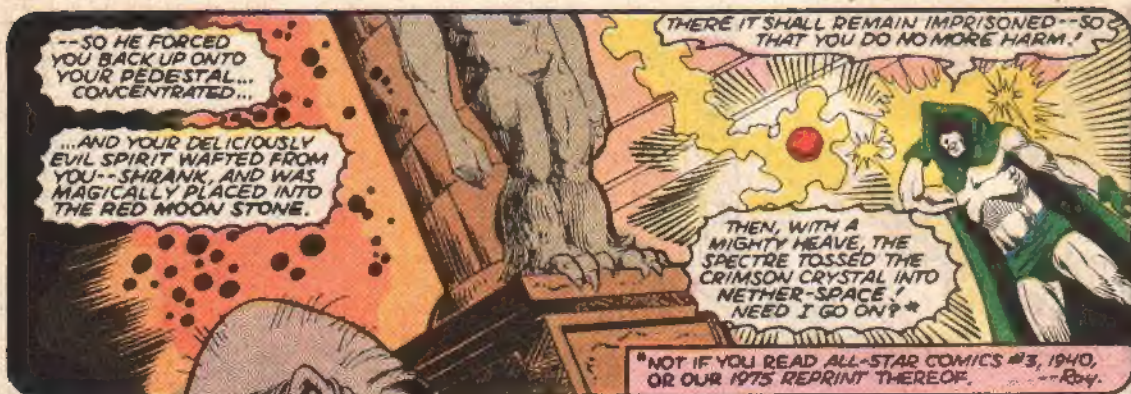
NOT OUT OF HELL, SIMPERING HUMAN PIG--

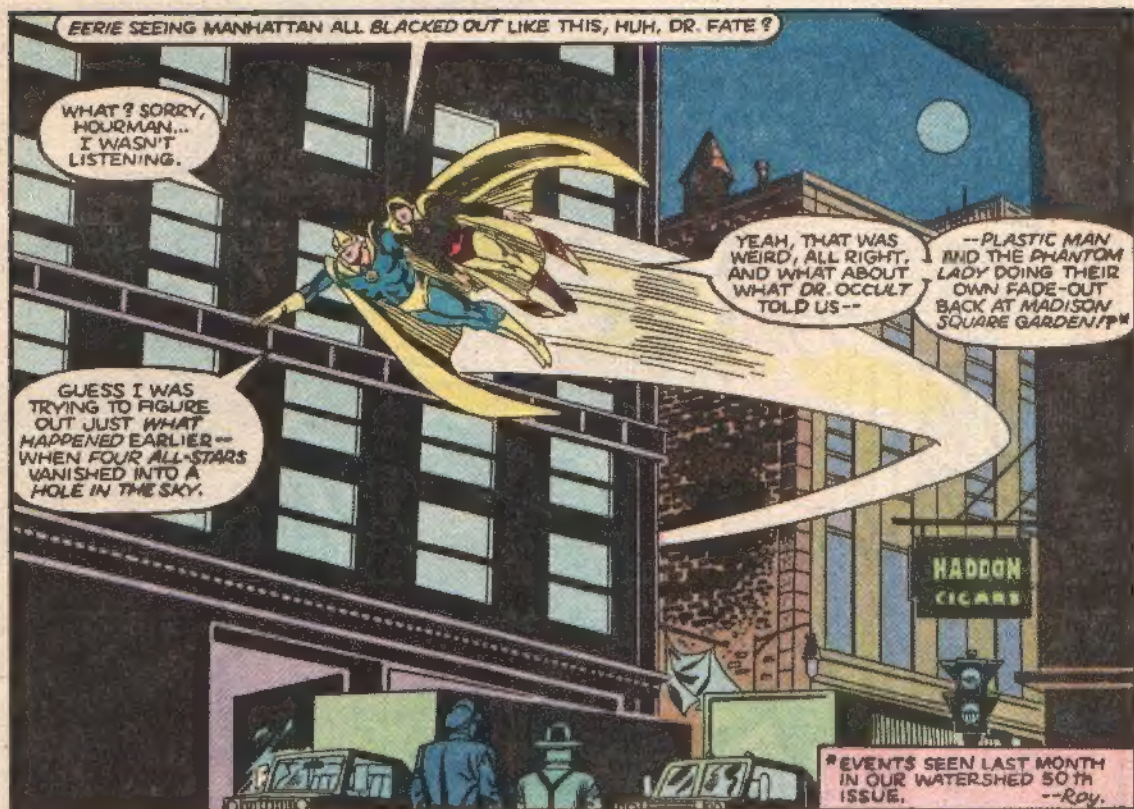


--OUT OF THE RED MOON STONE OF YZGARTYL!

LENNYYYY--!

RUN FOR IT, VEL! I'LL--





EERIE SEEING MANHATTAN ALL BLACKED OUT LIKE THIS, HUH, DR. FATE?

WHAT? SORRY, HOURMAN... I WASN'T LISTENING.

GUESS I WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT HAPPENED EARLIER-- WHEN FOUR ALL-STARS VANISHED INTO A HOLE IN THE SKY.

YEAH, THAT WAS WEIRD, ALL RIGHT. AND WHAT ABOUT WHAT DR. OCCULT TOLD US--

--PLASTIC MAN AND THE PHANTOM LADY DOING THEIR OWN FADE-OUT BACK AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN?

*EVENTS SEEN LAST MONTH IN OUR WATERSHED 50TH ISSUE.
--Roy.



OH, WELL, I'M PROBABLY JUST LUCKY TO STILL BE AROUND MYSELF--EVEN IF I HAVE TO LAY OFF THE MIRACLO FOR A WHILE.

BESIDES, MY OLD JUSTICE SOCIETY BUDDIES CAN PROBABLY HELP US LOCATE OUR WANDERING ALL-STARS PRONTO.

LET'S HOPE SO. THERE'S THE HOTEL WHERE WE MEET.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME. I WAS A CHARTER MEMBER JUST LIKE YOU, BEFORE I QUIT, Y'KNOW.

REX TYLER'S AWFULLY TOUCHY TONIGHT. BUT THEN, HOW WOULD I FEEL IF I SUDDENLY FOUND I MIGHT NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO USE MY POWERS?



BLACKOUT CURTAIN'S IN PLACE, STRANGE, THOUGH...THERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SPECIAL MEETING HERE TONIGHT, SO WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

MAYBE YOU GOT THE DATE MIXED UP WHILE WE WERE IN ENGLAND, OR MAYBE--

CLICK

OR MAYBE, YOU BIG PINK APES, SOMEBODY ELSE HAS TAKEN IT OVER--

-- SOMEBODY CALLED THE

MONSTER SOCIETY OF EVIL!

VERY GOOD, HOURMAN. YOU DIDN'T EVEN NEED MULTIPLE CHOICE.

BUT NOW, IF THEY WILL, I PREFER THAT MY NEW ASSOCIATES INTRODUCE THEMSELVES.

OOM THE MIGHTY--
FROM THE DARK SIDE
OF THE MOON, OOM
THIRSTS FOR DEATH!

GOOD GRAY! YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THESE BOOBS, FATE? AND--HEY, THAT'S HAWKMAN! THEY'VE GOT TRUSSED UP OVER THERE!

CRASH!

AND OBVIOUSLY HUNGERS FOR BROOMS AT THE SAME TIME. WELL, THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

WHO AM I.

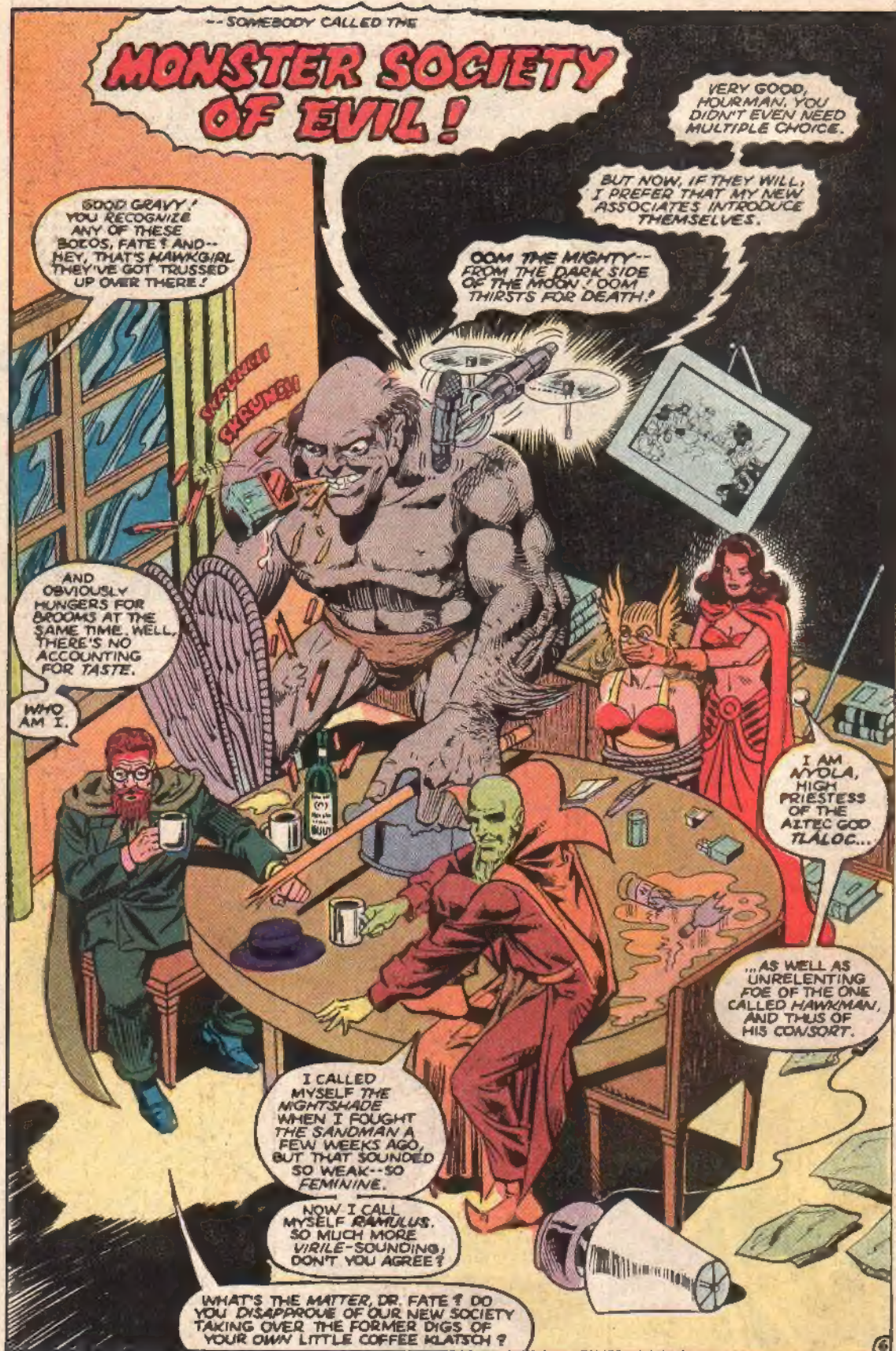
I AM MYOLA, HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE AZTEC GOD TLALOC...

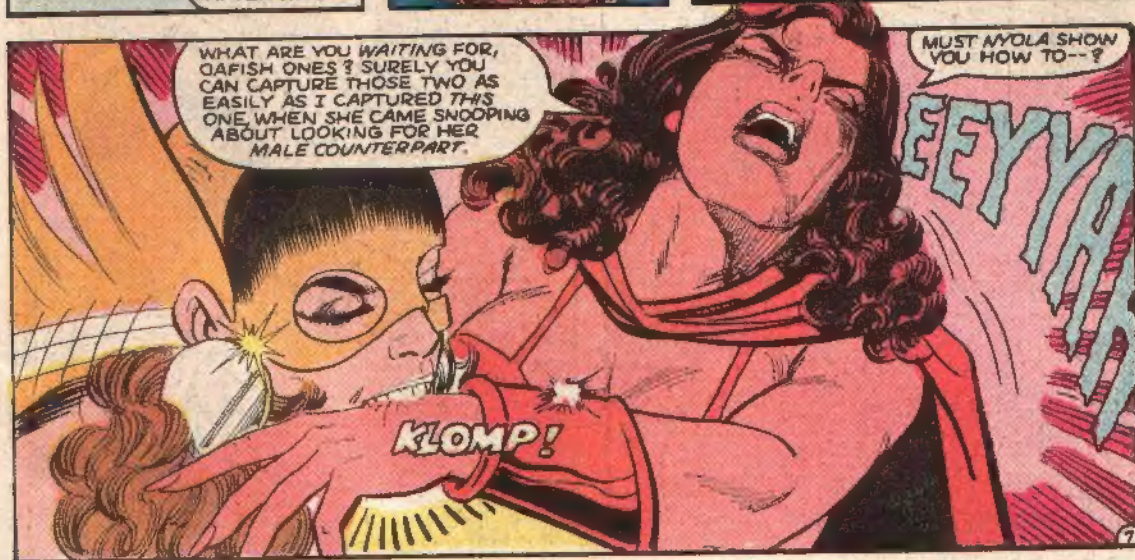
"AS WELL AS UNRELENTING FOE OF THE ONE CALLED HAWKMAN, AND THUS OF HIS CO-SORT.

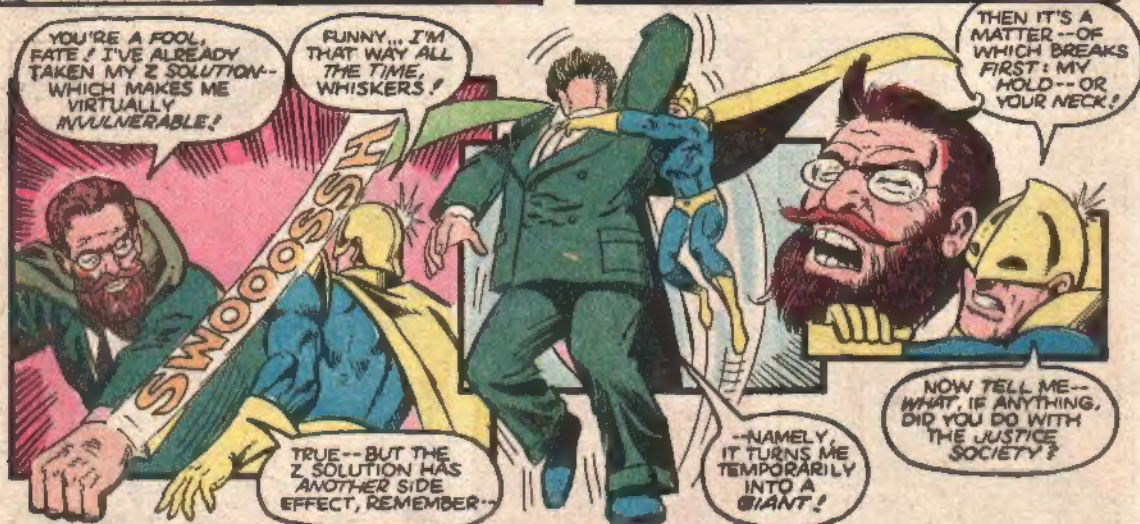
I CALLED MYSELF THE NIGHTSHADE WHEN I FOUGHT THE SANDMAN A FEW WEEKS AGO, BUT THAT SOUNDED SO WEAK--SO FEMININE.

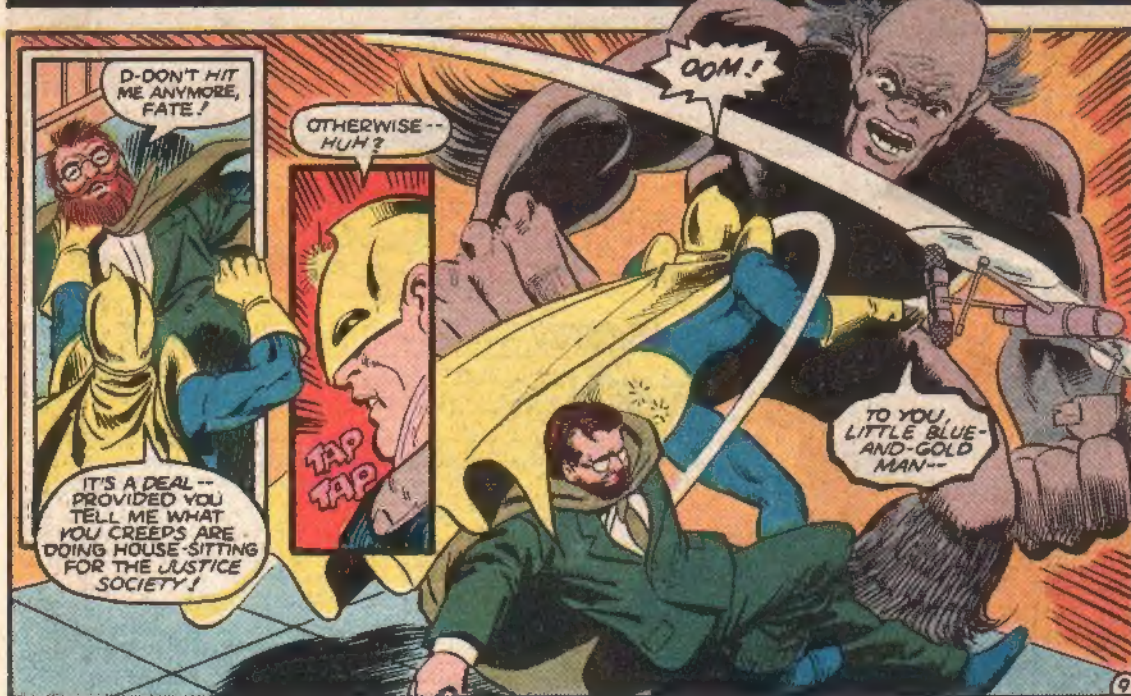
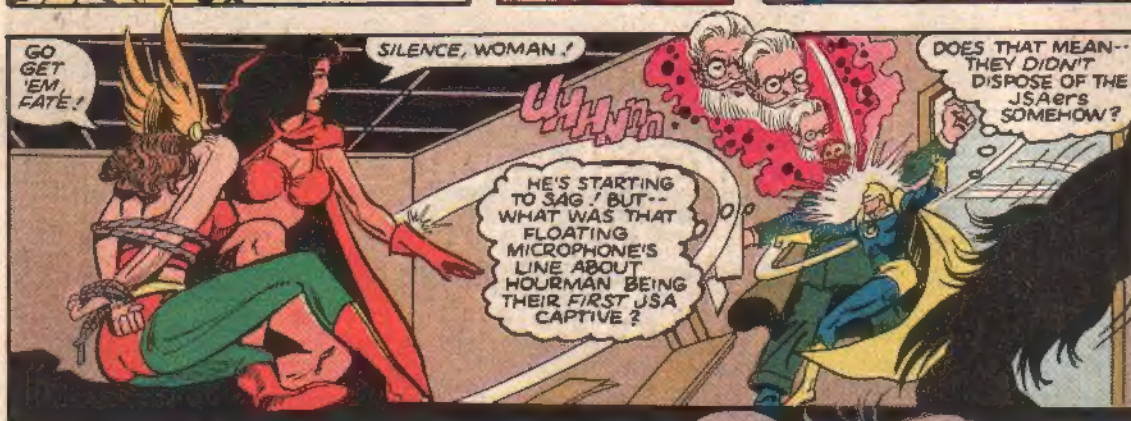
NOW I CALL MYSELF RAMULUS. SO MUCH MORE VIRILE-SOUNDING, DON'T YOU AGREE?

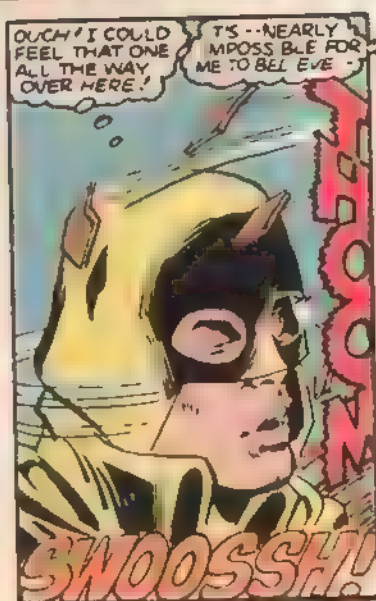
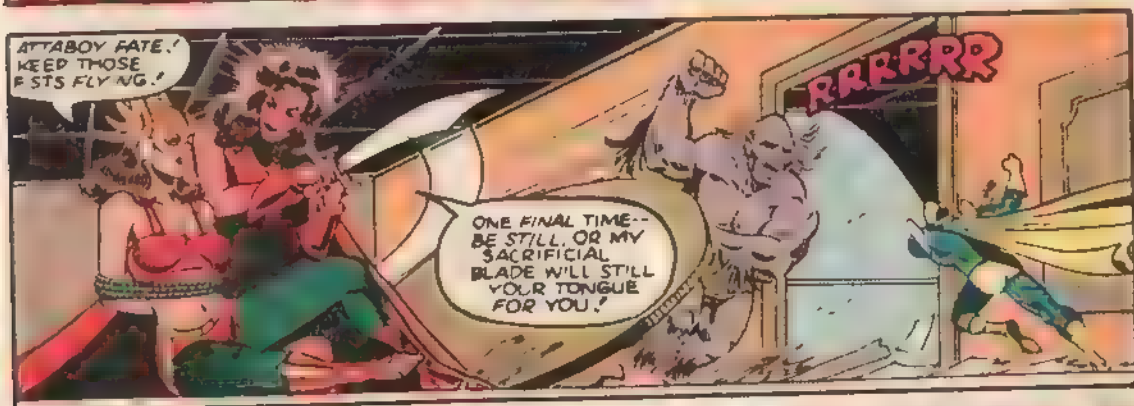
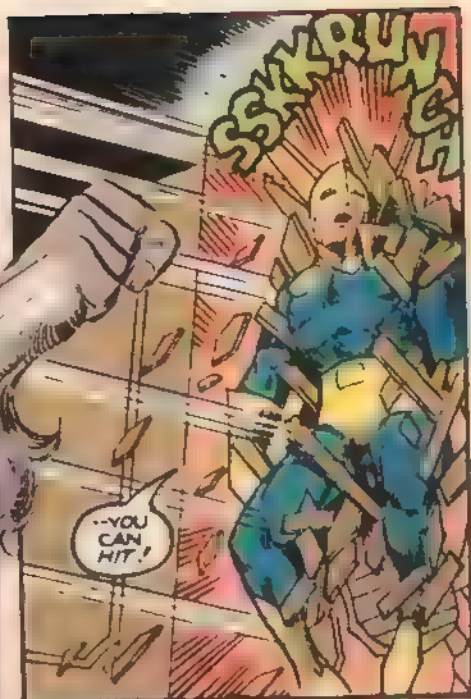
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DR. FATE? DO YOU DISAPPROVE OF OUR NEW SOCIETY TAKING OVER THE FORMER DIGS OF YOUR OWN LITTLE COFFEE KLATCH?

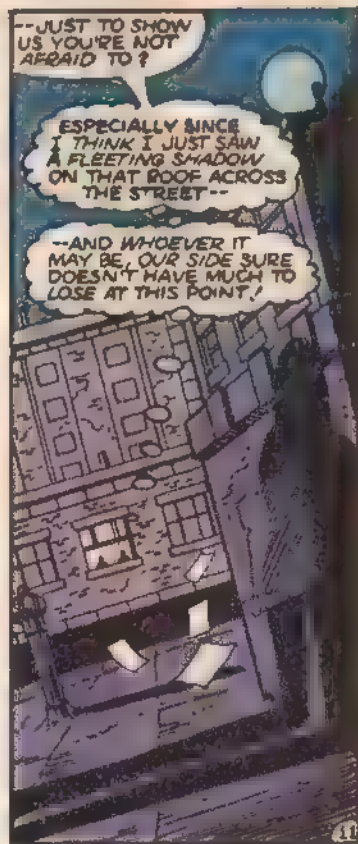
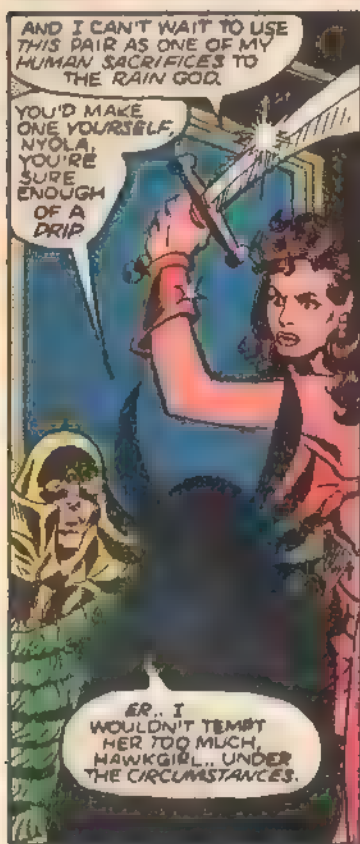
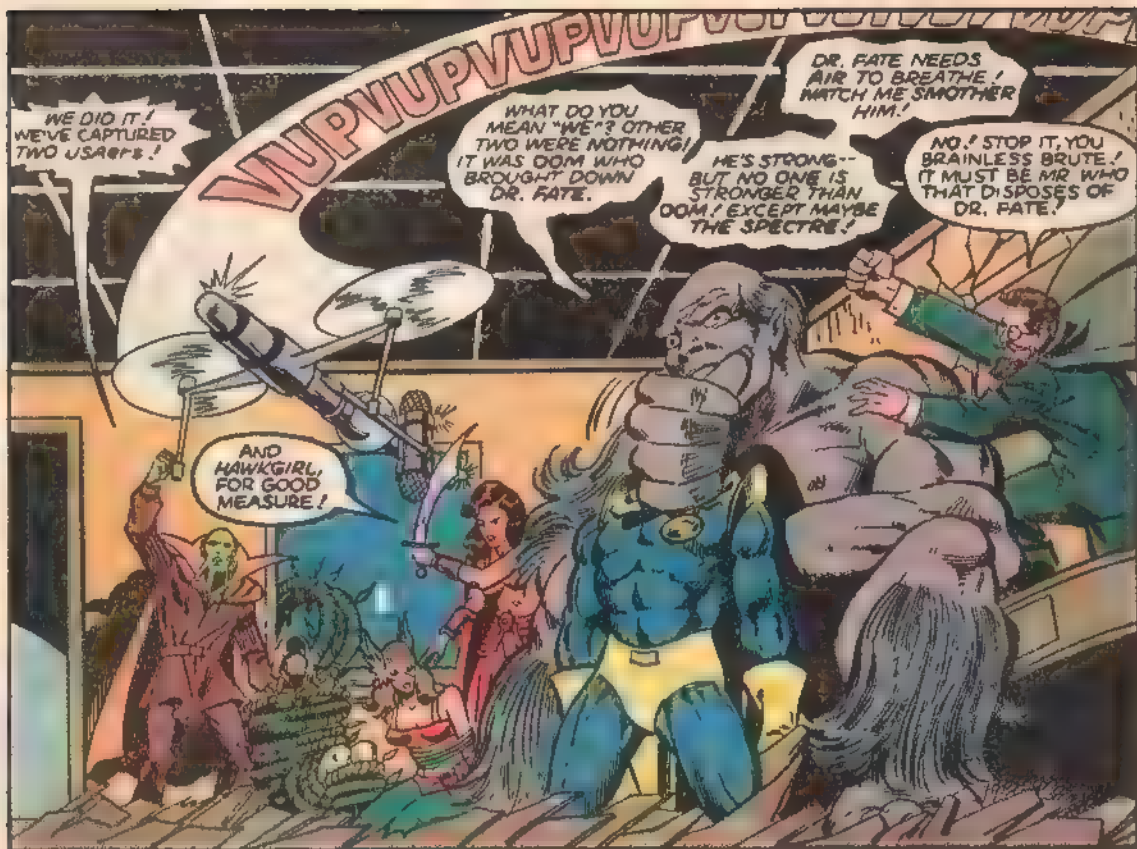












WHY NOT TELL YOU?
AFTER ALL, THE USA
IS REALLY PART OF
THE REASON I'M
VISITING THIS
SMALL PLANET.

AREN'T THEY
THE LUCKY--
HUH? DID
YOU SAY--
YOU'RE JUST
VISITING
EARTH?

SLUMMING,
ACTUALLY...

"YOU SEE, MY PEOPLE--NEVER
MIND WHAT THEY REALLY LOOK
LIKE!--LIVE ON A VAST WORLD IN
ANOTHER DIMENSION. NICE
PLACE--BORING BEYOND BELIEF..."

...SO I'VE AMUSED MYSELF
FOR YEARS BY MONITORING
EARTH'S RADIO BROADCASTS,
WHICH I PICK UP THROUGH
THE ETHER.

"OH, DID I MENTION THAT MY
NAME IS MR. MIND--AND THAT
I'M THE ABSOLUTE RULER OF
MY WORLD? WELL, I AM!"

"ANYWAY, IN MY ROYAL LABORA-
TORY, I'VE ENJOYED MANY AN
HOUR LISTENING TO YOUR
RADIO PROGRAMS..."

"THE MYSTERIES--

"THE SO-CALLED
SOAP OPERAS...
WHATEVER
SOAP IS..."

AND NOW, 'OUR
GAL SUNDAY,' THE
STORY THAT ASKS
THE QUESTION

"CAN THIS GIRL FROM
A MINING TOWN IN
THE WEST FIND
HAPPINESS AS THE WIFE
OF A WEALTHY AND
TITLED ENGLISHMAN?"

"AND THE COMEDY
SHOWS!"

"DON'T OPEN
THAT CLOSET,
MEEGEE!"
"KRASH!
BANG!
BOING!"

"AH YES... MOST
ESPECIALLY THE
COMEDY SHOWS"

"AND THERE'S
ONE OF YOUR
RADIO COMEDY
STARS I LIKE
BETTER THAN
ANY!"

I'VE SIMPLY
GOT TO MEET
HIM!

"WHY, I'VE EVEN HEARD HOW HE
ENTERTAINED MOST OF YOUR
POPULATION WHILE EARTH WAS
BEING INVADIED BY MARTIANS--
WHATEVER THEY ARE!"

"SO I BUILT THE
MINDTRIPPER--
THE FLYING MACHINE
YOU SEE BEFORE YOU--

MUST BE
SLOWING UP!
IT TOOK ME TILL
AFTER LUNCH.

"--AND KICKED IT INTO
WORM-WARD DRIVE!"

EARTH,
HERE I
COME!

ONLY IT TURNED OUT TO BE NOT QUITE AS EASY AS I'D THOUGHT TO FIND MY WAY TO EARTH--

--WHEN SUDDENLY--

SLOW DOWN, HARBINGER! I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR A FIVE-MINUTE TOUR OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE!

WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE, FIREBRAND--IF YOUR EARTH IS TO SURVIVE!

"TWO TRULY IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING FEMALES--AS MAMMALS GO, ANYWAY--CAME TEARING BETWEEN DIMENSIONS! THEIR BACKWASH KNOCKED MY LITTLE FLIER FOR A LOOP, AND NEITHER OF THEM EVEN SAW ME

BUT I DIDN'T CARE, FOR I HAD HEARD ONE OF THEM SPEAK THAT MAGICAL WORD--"EARTH"!

"BY TRACKING THEIR ENERGY TRAIL BACKWARD, I FOUND WHENCE THEY HAD COME--

--A HOLE BETWEEN DIMENSIONS! JUST WHAT I'D BEEN SEARCHING FOR!

"ZIPPING THROUGH, I SET MY SENSORS IMMEDIATELY FOR YOUR WEST COAST..

"HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD, WHERE YOU'RE TERRIFIC IF YOU'RE EVEN GOOD..."

"...AND THE MANSION WHERE MY MATCHLESS MACHINERY HAD LOCATED MY COMEDY IDOL!

OH JOY, OH RATTUNE! I'M FINALLY GOING TO MEET HIM!

"EVEN AS I FLEW IN AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW, I HEARD MY HERO--BEING LECTURED TO, AS PER USUAL, BY THE OTHER ONE."



"...SO YOU SEE, THE MESS WE'RE IN JUST PROVES THE OLD SAYING THAT, FOR EVERY LIE YOU TELL, YOU HAVE TO INVENT TWENTY MORE."

YES.

TWENTY MORE?

WELL, AND I THINK I'M THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO!

"AND THERE HE WAS, SITTING IN A BIG CHAIR ALONE IN THE DARK."

CHARLIE, YOU MUST FORCE YOURSELF TO TELL THE TRUTH.

YES

YEAH?

"WHY"??

WHY?

I ASKED YOU FIRST!

"BUT THEN--HOW WAS HE TALKING TO THE OTHER GUY?"



"A HORRIBLE DREAD BEGAN TO CREEP OVER ME... A GNAWING SUSPICION..."

YOU SEE, CHARLIE, IT'S WRONG TO TELL A LIE--EVEN A WHITE LIE.

OH, I DON'T BOTHER WITH THOSE WHITE LIES. MINE ARE ALL IN TECHNICOLOR.

"AND WHEN I MOVED MY MICROPHONE TO MY IDOL'S MOUTH--"

"--THOSE SUSPICIONS WERE CONFIRMED!"

SPEAK, BOY! SPEAK!

"MY HERO WASN'T DOING THE TALKING AT ALL!"

"INSTANTLY, I FOLLOWED THE SOUND OF THE TWO VOICES TO A NEARBY ROOM..."

WHY, CHARLIE, DON'T YOU KNOW--THERE'S EVEN HONOR AMONG THIEVES?

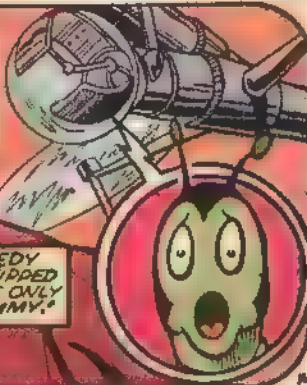
OH, I DON'T KNOW I THINK THEY'RE JUST AS BAD AS EVERYBODY ELSE!

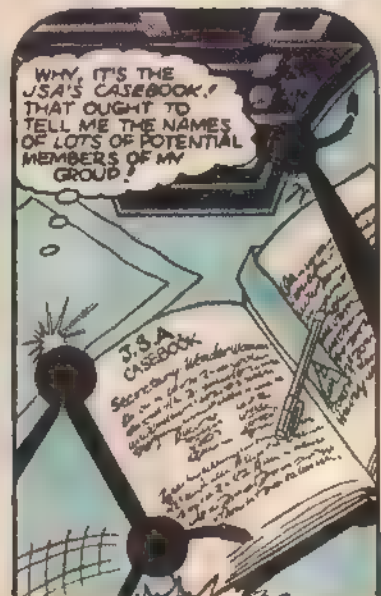
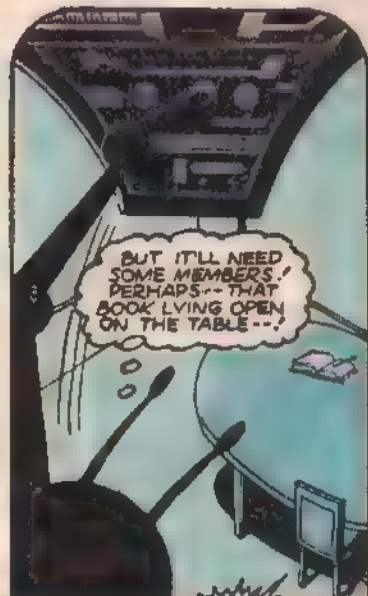
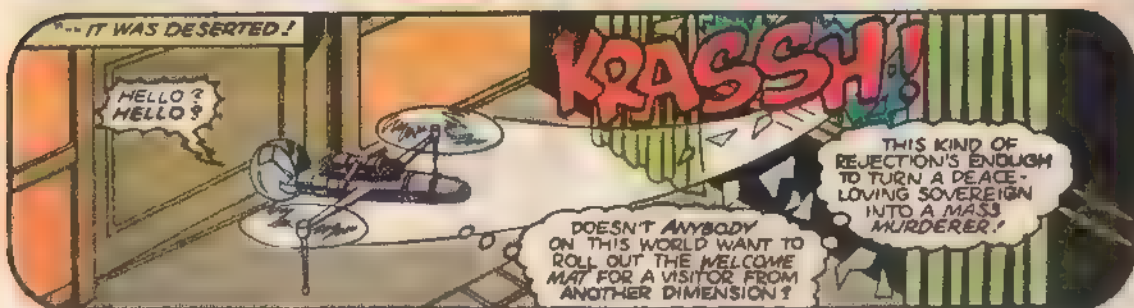
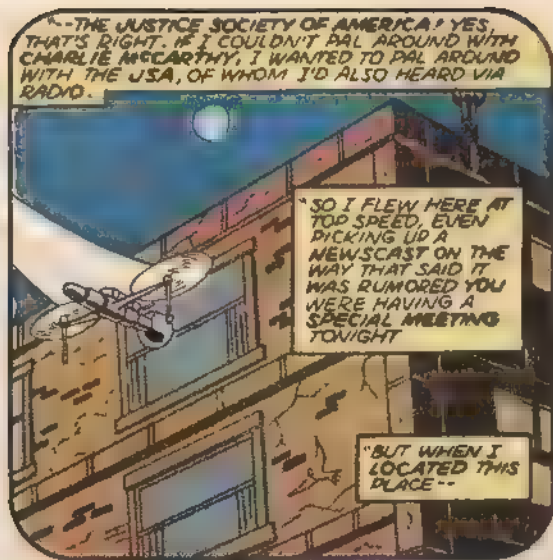
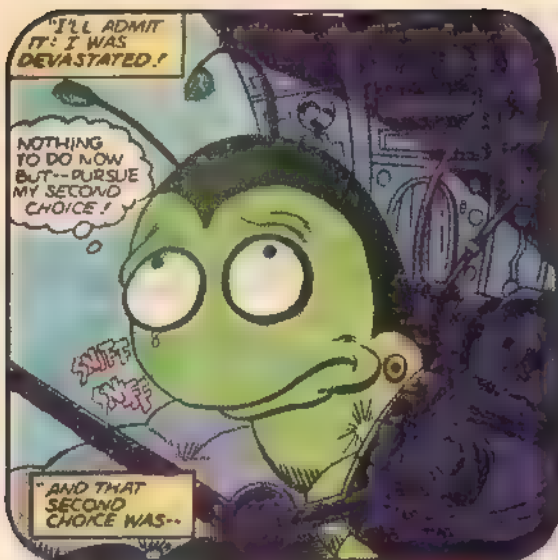
"AND THERE I LEARNED AT LAST THE TERRIBLE TRUTH"

YES, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THAT NEW ROUTINE, MR. SARNOFF. I PLAN TO USE IT ON THE SHOW ONE OF THESE FIRST SUNDAYS.

"EDGAR BERGEN--THE 'OTHER GUY' ON THE RADIO PROGRAM--WAS THE REAL CHARLIE MC CARTHY--"

"AND THE COMEDY STAR I'D WORSHIPPED FROM AFAR WAS ONLY A WOODEN DUMMY."





"BY THIS TIME, YOU SEE, I WAS IN AN IRRITABLE MOOD-- AND I'D DECIDED MINE WAS GOING TO BE A SOCIETY OF EVIL, NOT OF JUSTICE. IT SOUNDED MUCH MORE FUN.

"THE FIRST RECRUIT I LOCATED, BY MEANS OF SANDMAN'S RECENT ACCOUNT, WAS NIGHTSHADE-- PARDON ME, RAMULUS.

"I PATCHED HIM UP WITH MY SUPERIOR SCIENCE, IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS PROMISE TO JOIN.

"I EVEN GAVE HIM A FORMULA TO HELP HIM MAKE HIS MONSTER-PLANTS REAL!

"I LOCATED MR. WHO WAS DYING AWAY IN PRISON, WHERE DR. FATE HAD DEPOSITED HIM.

BUK-OOH

"THAT CERTAINLY WASN'T DIFFICULT TO FIX.

"OOM I FOUND LAMBUISHING AS A STONE GARGOYLE, COURTESY OF THE SPECTRE... BUT I'D HEARD OF HIM BEFORE, AND KNEW JUST HOW TO FREE HIM.

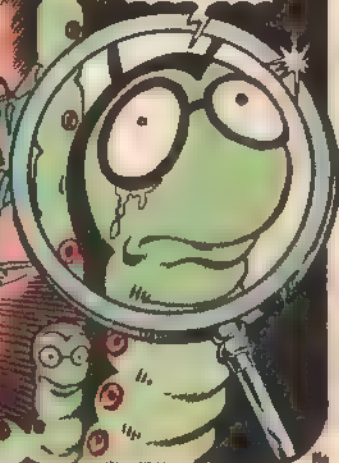
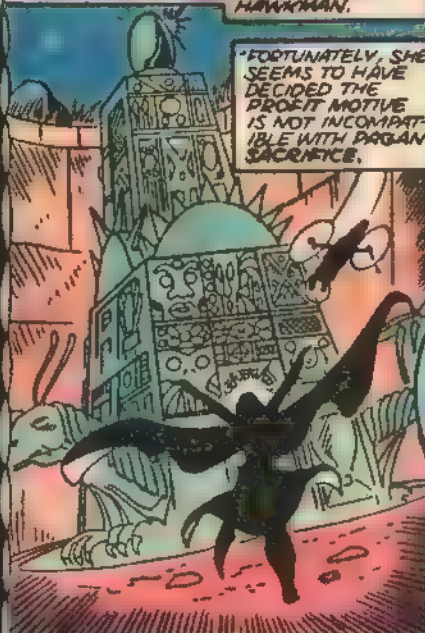
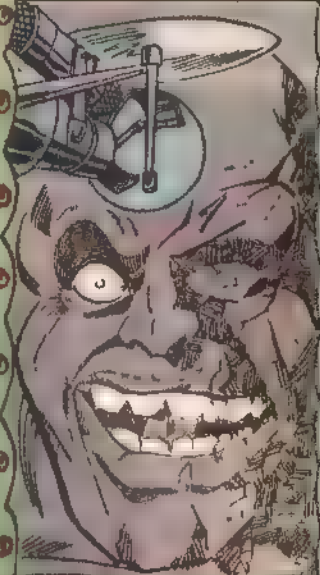
"MYOLA, FOR HER PART, HAD RETURNED TO THE MEXICAN JUNGLES AFTER A NEAR-FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH THE HAWKMAN.

"FORTUNATELY, SHE SEEMS TO HAVE DECIDED THE PROFIT MOTIVE IS NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH PAGAN SACRIFICE.

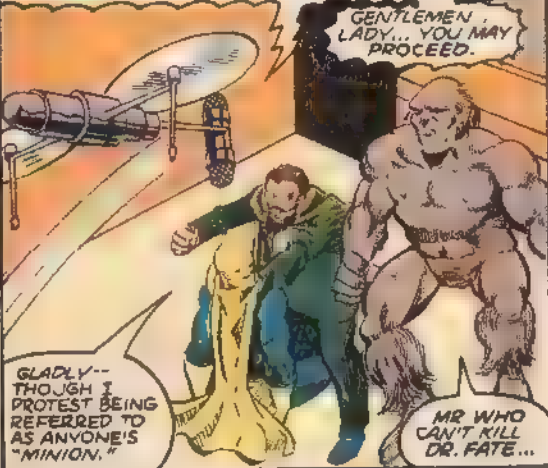
THIS, WITH A SPEED UNBELIEVABLE TO YOU MERE EARTH-LINGS, I FORMED MY MONSTER SOCIETY OF EVIL.

I STILL RATHER WISH CHARLIE MCCARTHY HAD BEEN REAL, THOUGH.

OH, WELL, C'EST LA VIE!



AT ANY RATE, IN PARTIAL RETURN FOR THEIR SERVICES, I PROMISED MY MISANTHROPIC MINIONS THEY COULD THROTTLE ANY JSABERS WE CAPTURED--AND MR MIND ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD...SOMETIMES.



GENTLEMEN, LADY... YOU MAY PROCEED.

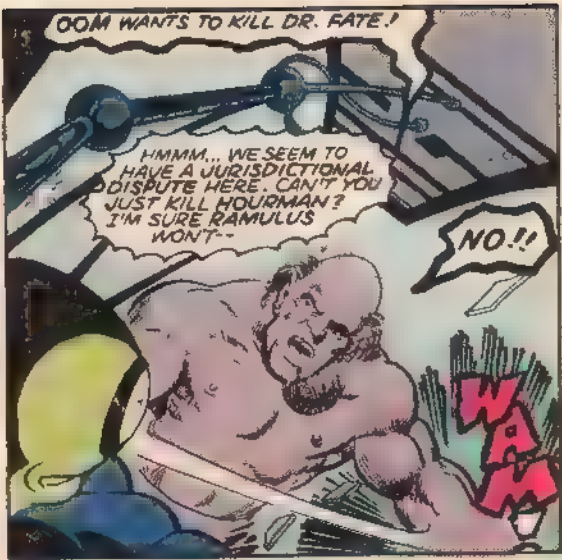
GLADLY--THOUGH I PROTEST BEING REFERRED TO AS ANYONE'S "MINION."

MR WHO CAN'T KILL DR. FATE...



AND DON'T TRY GIVING ANYONE ELSE HAWKGIRL TO SLAY, MIND?

YOU'RE A BLOODTHIRSTY WITCH, AREN'T YOU?

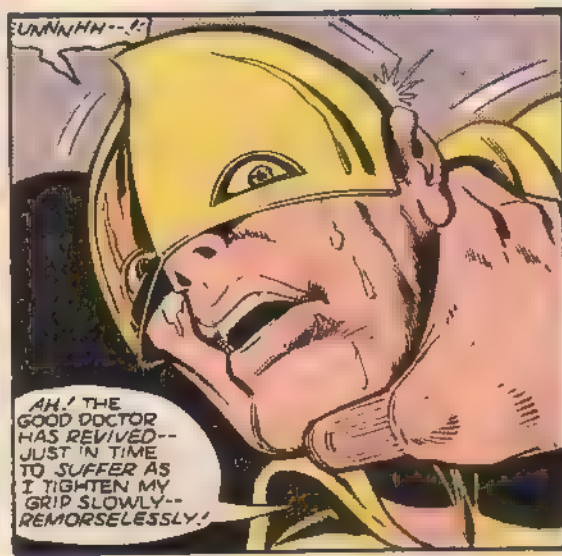


OOM WANTS TO KILL DR. FATE!

HMMM... WE SEEM TO HAVE A JURISDICTIONAL DISPUTE HERE. CAN'T YOU JUST KILL HOURMAN? I'M SURE RAMULUS WON'T--

NO!!

WAA



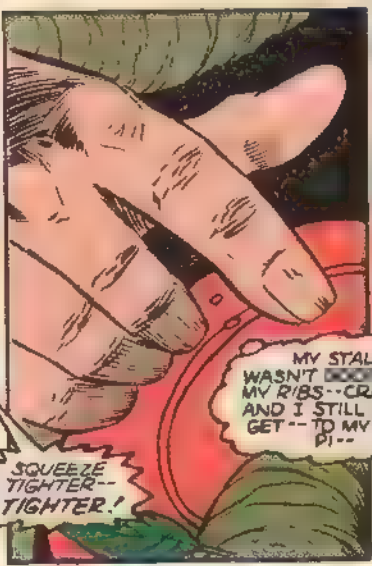
UUNNNHH--!!

AH! THE GOOD DOCTOR HAS REVIVED--JUST IN TIME TO SUFFER AS I TIGHTEN MY GRIP SLOWLY--REMORSELESSLY!



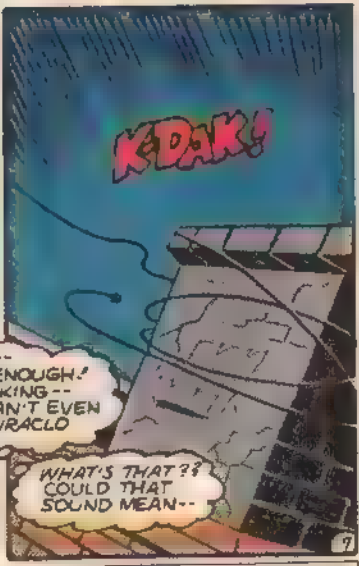
AND MY PLANTS, UNDER MY MENTAL DIRECTION, DO THE SAME TO THE MAN OF THE HOUR. A PITY IT'S NOT THE SANDMAN IN THEIR CHLOROPHYLLIC CLUTCHES--

--BUT AT LEAST MY OLD Foe WILL SUFFER WHEN HE LEARNS ANOTHER HAS DIED IN HIS PLACE.



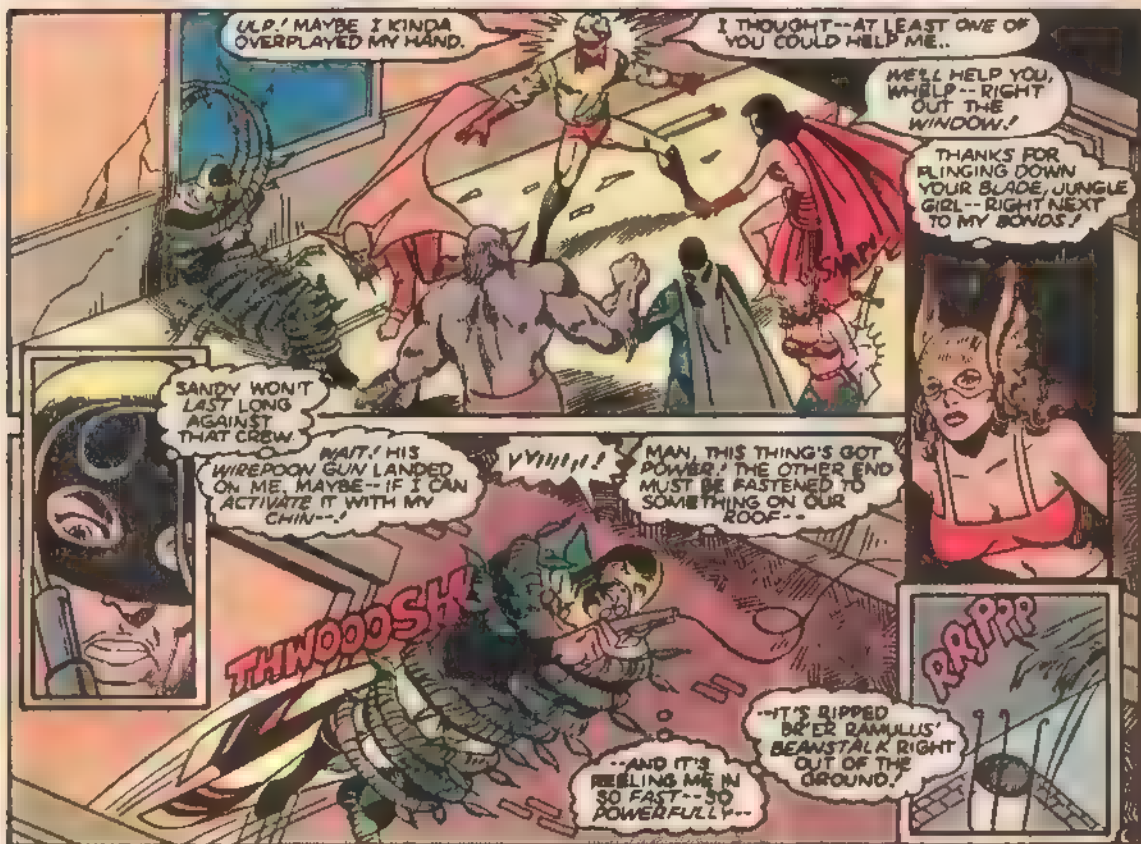
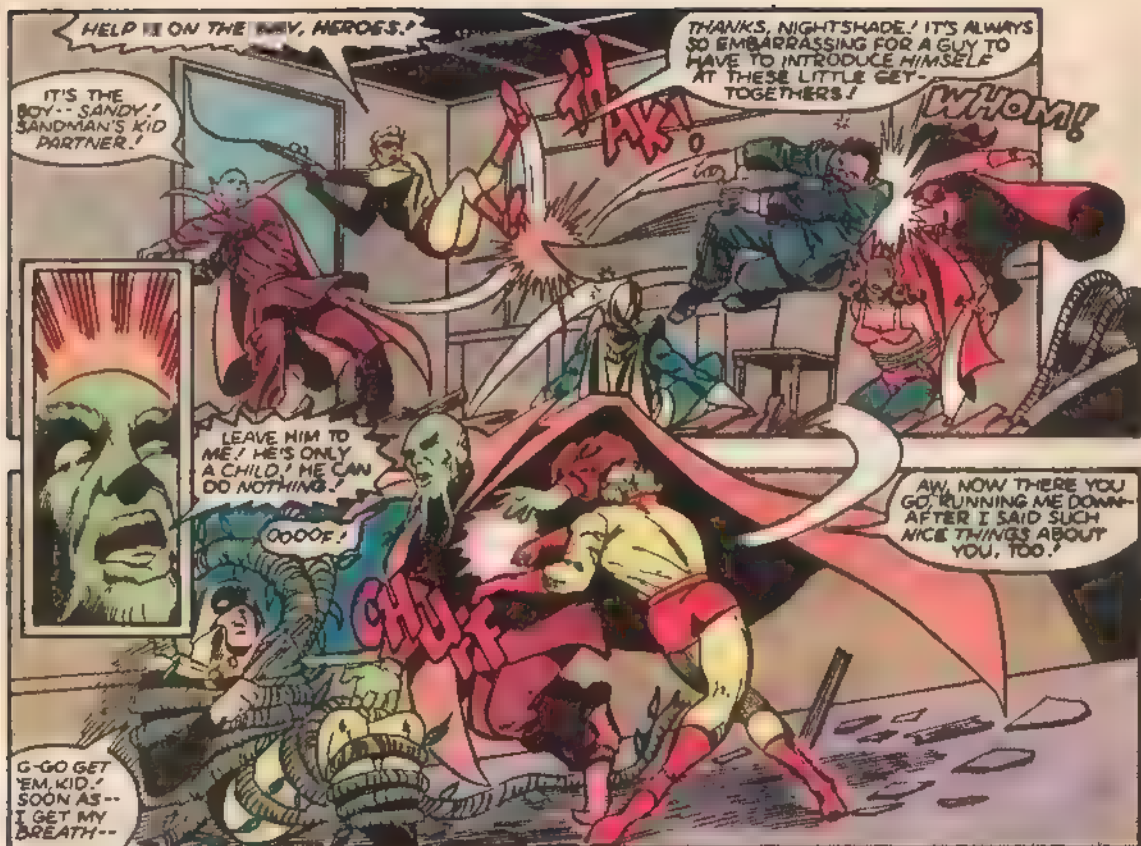
MY STALL-- WASN'T ~~DOOM~~ ENOUGH! MY RIBS--CRACKING-- AND I STILL CAN'T EVEN GET-- TO MY MIRACLO PJ--

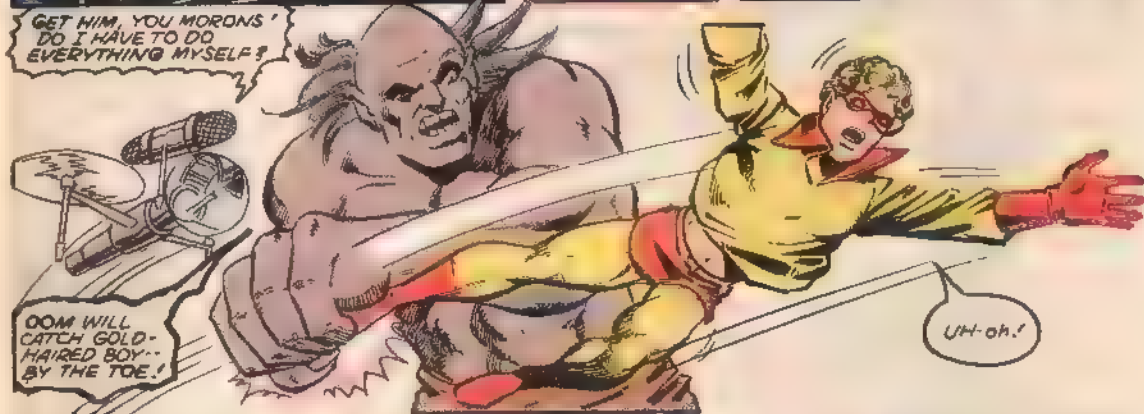
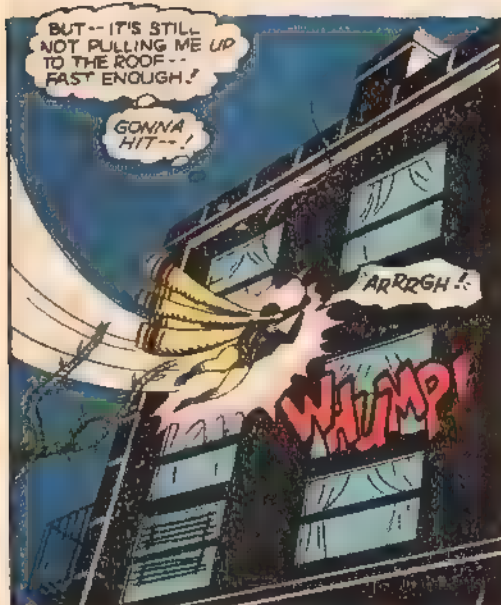
SQUEEZE TIGHTER-- TIGHTER!

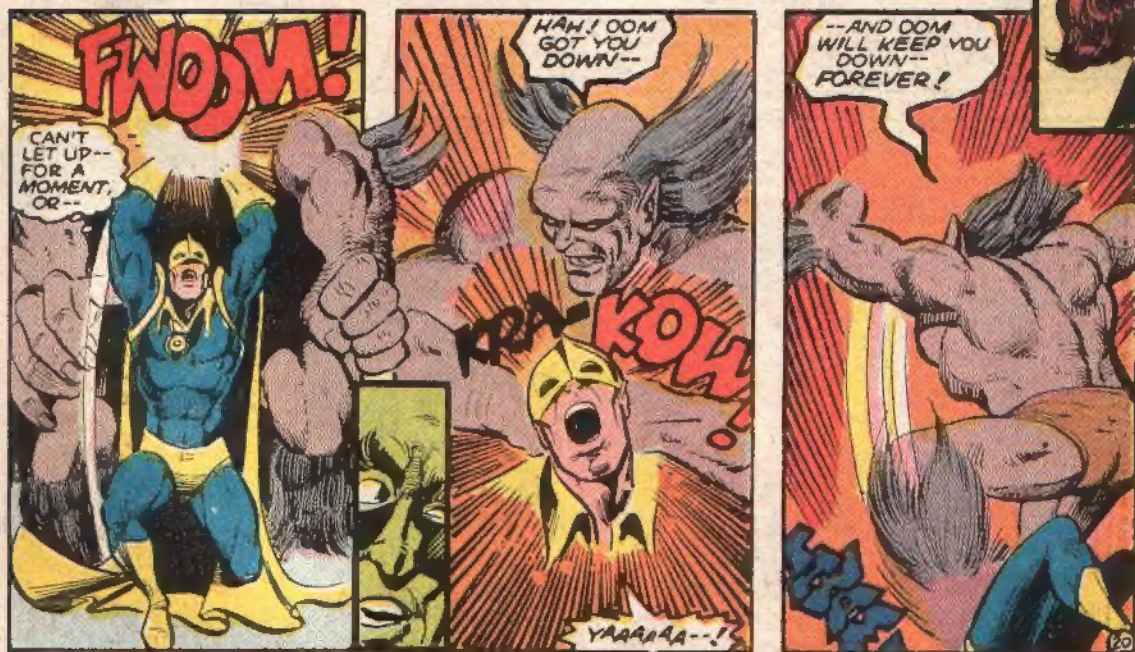
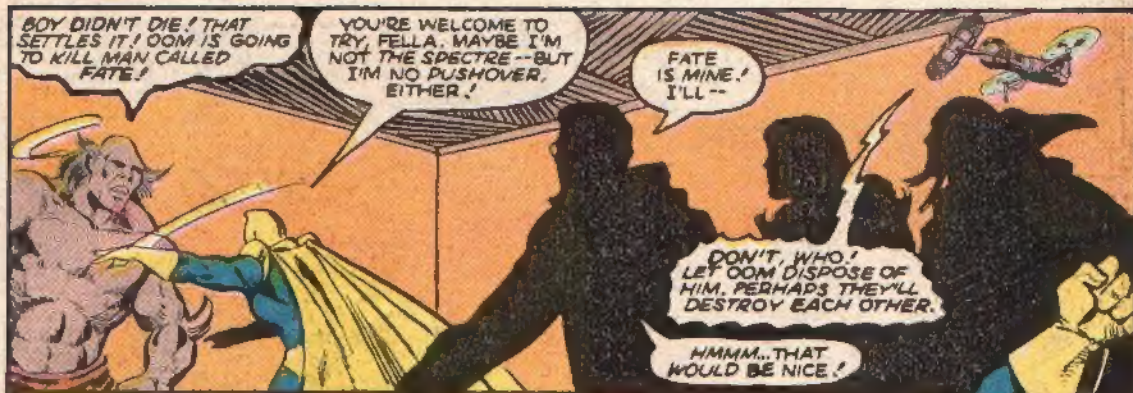


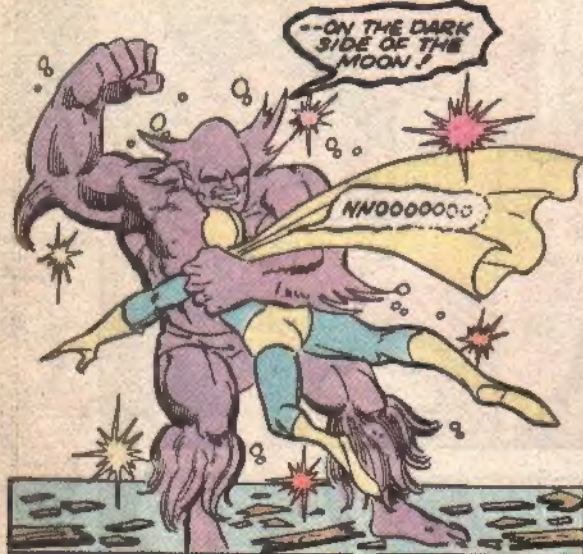
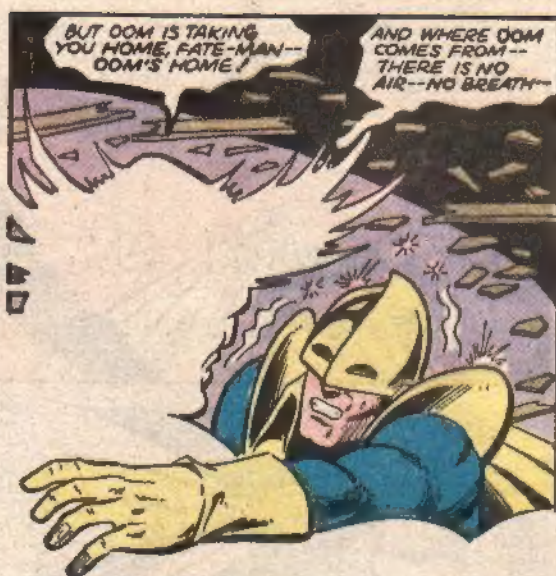
K-DAK!

WHAT'S THAT?? COULD THAT SOUND MEAN--









MEANWHILE, TO RECAPITULATE WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE OF THOSE VANISHING ALL STARS LAST ISSUE, WHEN THEY PURSUED HARBINGER AND FIREBRAND THROUGH A SKY-BORN RABBIT HOLE!



WE'RE BACK! YOUR RING DID THE TRICK, LANTERN!

DID IT? I SEE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING DOWN THERE, AND YET--

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. IT LOOKS A LITTLE DIFFERENT, SOMEHOW.



THEN WHAT SAY WE USE THIS LITTLE GREEN SOAP BUBBLE FOR A BIT OF SIGHT-SEEING, JUST TO BE SURE?



UH... THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, LIBERTY BELLE. THERE'S A GIGANTIC CLUE AS TO WHERE WE ARE-- FLYING RIGHT AT US!

WHERE? I DON'T-- GOOD LORD!

oh, my god!



HIS NAME, LADIES AND GENTS, IS CAPTAIN MARVEL--

--AND BOY, DOES HE LOOK MAD!

NEXT ISSUE: **FROM FEAR TO ETERNITY!**

ADVENTURE-- ROMANCE-- AND A CRISIS-CROSS-OVER, TOO!

NOSTALGIC NOTE: Al Dellinger's painstaking redoing of Jack Burnley's cover for ALL-STAR SQUADRON #13, the basis for our "Shanghaied Into Hyper-Space" chapter last month, got squeezed out of our Annual. But here it is, in all its unalloyed glory...

NO.13

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ALL-STAR Comics

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